

# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

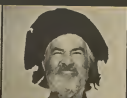
APRIL NO. 77



TOM MIX



MONTÉ HALE



GABBY HAYES



HOPALONG CASSIDY

10¢



THE FOUR MOST  
POPULAR COWBOYS  
OF MOVIE FAME  
CLIMB TO  
NEW HEIGHTS  
OF ADVENTURE



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# WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

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Editor  
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A Fawcett Publication

CAPT. MARVEL  
ADVENTURES

WHIZ COMICS

CAPT. MARVEL, JR.

MASTER COMICS

THE MARVEL FAMILY

FAWCETT'S  
FUNNY ANIMALS

TOM MIX WESTERN

OZZIE AND BABS

MONTE HALE WESTERN

WESTERN HERO

NYOKA  
THE JUNGLE GIRL

HOPALONG CASSIDY

GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.*  
PRESIDENT

IN THIS ISSUE:



**HOPALONG  
CASSIDY**  
(STARRING WILLIAM BOYD) in  
**BURIED TROUBLE**



**MONTE HALE**  
and  
**THE MEN WHO  
DIED TWICE**



**GABBY HAYES**  
and  
**THE CLIFF  
BANDITS**



**TOM MIX**  
in  
**BLACKMAIL!**

**PLUS: YOUNG FALCON and YOUR  
FAVORITE WESTERN FUNNY-BONE TICKLERS!**

April 1949 Vol. 13, No. 77  
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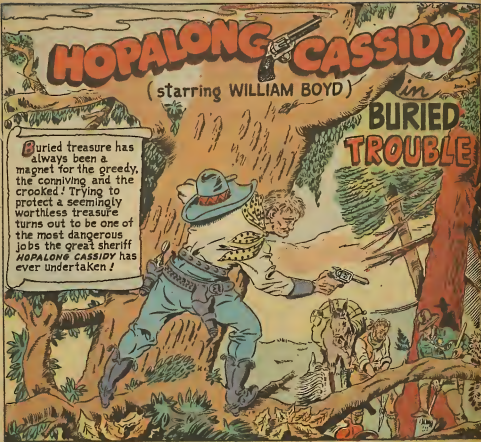
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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

(starring WILLIAM BOYD)

in  
**BURIED  
TROUBLE**

Buried treasure has always been a magnet for the greedy, the conniving and the crooked! Trying to protect a seemingly worthless treasure turns out to be one of the most dangerous jobs the great sheriff HOPALONG CASSIDY has ever undertaken!



IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE TWIN RIVER.....

I'VE BIN WATCHING THAT PROFESSOR DIG FER A WHOLE WEEK AND HE AIN'T DUG UP A THING YET!



YIPPEE!  
I FOUND IT!



HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. BAXFORD



I'LL BE DOGGONED!  
THAT COOT HAS  
BIN DIGGING FER  
AN OLD BONE!



I'D BETTER SCURRY BACK AND  
TELL THE CHIEF! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY HE HAD ME WATCHING THAT  
LOCO BOOKWORM FER A WHOLE  
WEEK, WHEN ALL HE WUZ DIGGING  
FER WUZ AN OLD BONE!



**S**HORTLY AFTER.....

I WANT TO  
TALK TO YOU,  
CHIEF!

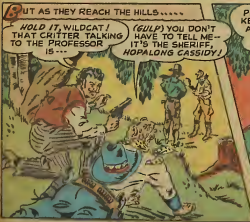
NOT  
HERE,  
WILDCAT!  
COME INTO  
THE BACK  
ROOM!

YOU MUST'VE  
MADE SOME  
MISTAKE, CHIEF!  
THAT PROFESSOR  
WUZ'N'T DIGGING  
FER BURIED  
TREASURE! ALL  
HE DUG UP WUZ  
AN OLD BONE!

YOU LOCO FOOL!  
THAT BONE IS THE  
MISSING PART  
OF THE PREHISTORIC  
GIANT HORSE! THE  
ANTHROPOLOGICAL  
INSTITUTE BACK  
EAST IS OFFERING  
TEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS FER  
IT!

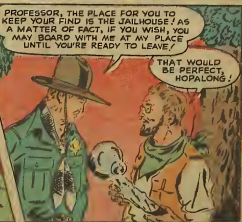
DON'T STAND THAR  
LIKE A FOOL,  
WILDCAT! LET'S GO  
OUT AND GIT HIM  
AFERE HE  
REACHES  
TOWN!

TEN  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!  
WOW!



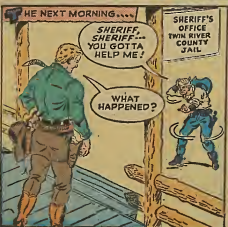
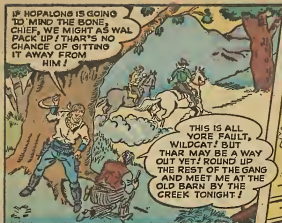
HOLD IT, WILDCAT!  
THAT CRITTER TALKING  
TO THE PROFESSOR  
IS...

(GULP) YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO TELL ME--  
IT'S THE SHERIFF,  
HOPALONG CASSIDY!

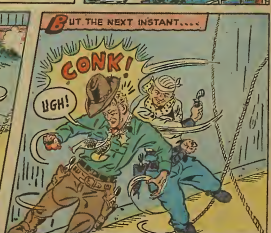
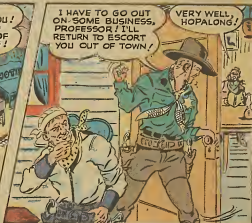


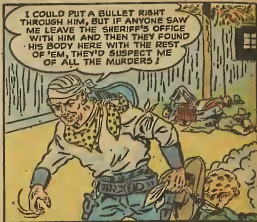
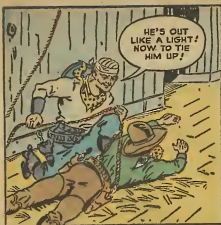
PROFESSOR, THE PLACE FOR YOU TO  
KEEP YOUR FIND IS THE JAILHOUSE! AS  
A MATTER OF FACT, IF YOU WISH, YOU  
MAY BOARD WITH ME AT MY PLACE  
UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO LEAVE.

THAT WOULD  
BE PERFECT,  
HOPALONG!

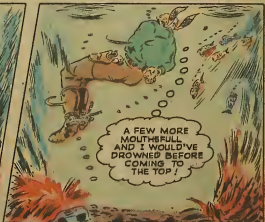
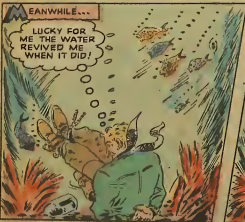
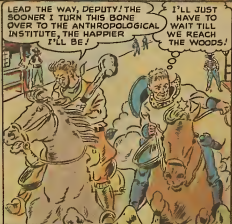
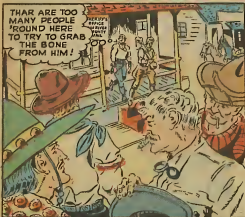


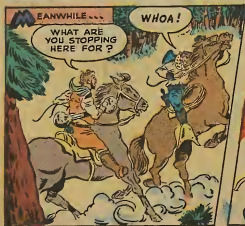
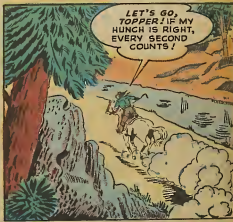
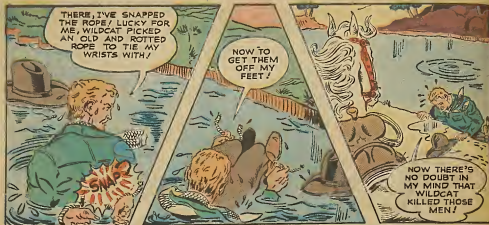


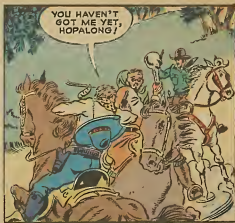


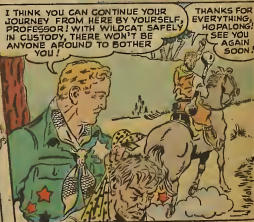












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IT ZOOMS  
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**ACTUAL SIZE**

of Red Hawk model!

It's fun! It's easy to build PEP's "Turbo-Jet" Plane! Doesn't cost an extra cent. No box tops to mail! Real aluminum jet-type wing pecked in every package of nutritious, delicious Kellogg's PEP! Fuselage, tail, are printed on back of package—ready to cut out and assemble!

It's fun to eat swell-tasting PEP, too! PEP's crisp, whole wheat flakes give you Sunshine Vitamin D, Energy Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. Ask mom to order plenty of PEP!

KIDS! FLY PEP'S TURBO-JET PLANE  
AND LEARN JUNIOR JET PILOTING!  
EAT SWELL-TASTING PEP AND  
GET GOOD FOOD ENERGY!

LEE MILLER,  
Chief Jet  
Test Pilot,  
Curtis-Wright

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IT'S QUICK! EASY!  
FUN TO BUILD  
YOUR TURBO-  
JET PLANE!

DIRECTIONS ON EVERY  
PACKAGE



1. Remove alu-  
minum wing  
from package.



2. Cut out card-  
board body  
on package back.



3. Assemble  
body. Insert  
wing—and fly.

...AND IT'S ALL  
YOURS AT NO  
EXTRA COST  
—in every package  
of PEP  
in U.S.A. and Canada!

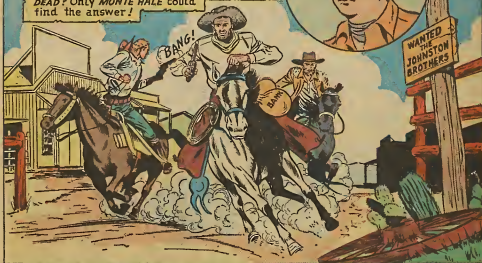
**SWELL GAMES, TOO!**

Instructions for a variety of exciting Turbo-Jet games on PEP packages. DECAL COLLECTORS! Some packages of Kellogg's PEP with decal transfer picture are still available! Look for them!

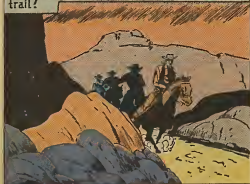
# MONTE HALE

and THE MEN  
WHO DIED  
**TWICE**

Every man in the West knew that the dreaded **JOHNSTON BROTHERS** were DEAD! Inevitable justice had finally overtaken the trio of desperadoes who had terrorized innocent men and women --- And yet -- who were those white-faced men who rode through silent moonlit streets? Were they ghosts, or were the Johnston brothers RETURNED FROM THE DEAD? Only **MONTE HALE** could find the answer!



One day after the **JOHNSTON BROTHERS** robbed the Larabee bank and killed the cashier, the sheriff started out with a posse on their trail!



**M**ONTE HALE was one of the men in that posse!

WHAR YUH RECKON THEY HEADED FER, MONTE?

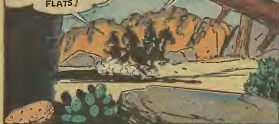
THE DEADROCK HILLS ARE THE LOGICAL PLACE, SHERIFF!





BUT THAT'S WHAT THEY  
FIGURE WE FIGURE! SO  
MY GUESS IS THEY  
HEADED OVER THE  
FLATS!

YO'RE DURNED RIGHT!  
THAT'S WHAR  
WE'RE GOING!



DID YUH GIT  
THE SHERIFF,  
JED?

NAW, JEST CLIPPED  
HIS HAT!

BANG!  
BANG!



Later, with the posse hot on their  
heels, the Johnston brothers  
turned to fight!

HIT THE DIRT! THE  
JOHNSTON BROTHERS  
HAVE HOLED UP...  
BEHIND THOSE ROCKS AHEAD!

WHANNGGG!



BUT I'LL GIT THAT TIN  
BADGE SHERIFF THIS  
TIME---AHHRRR!

THEY'VE  
SHOT JED!



While the outlaws have been busy firing  
at the posse, MONTE HALE has crept up  
behind them!

WHUT?

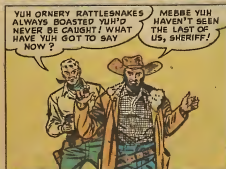
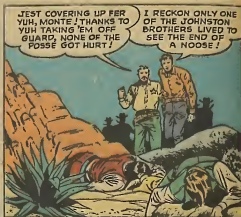
BANG!



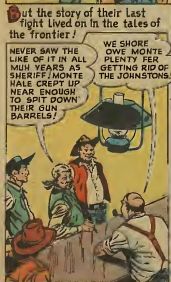
HE SNUCK UP ON US!  
I'LL PUT A SLUG RIGHT  
BETWIXT HIS  
SHOULDERS!

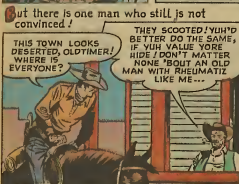
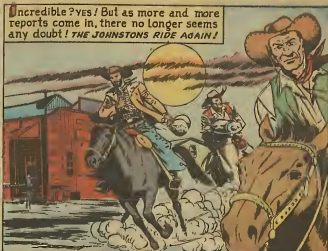
WHAM!

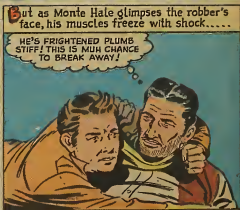
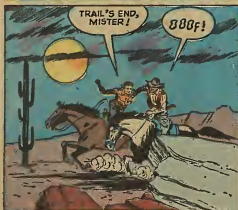
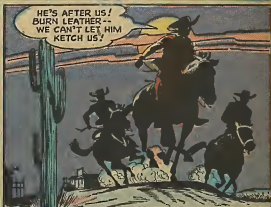




Two dead and one captured. So ended the bloody career of the infamous JOHNSTON BROTHERS!

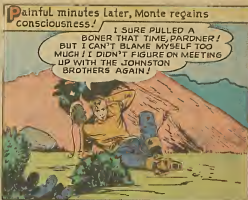




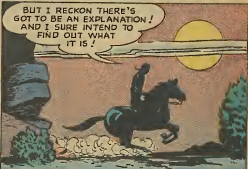




**T**AKING ADVANTAGE OF MONTE'S STUNNED SURPRISE, THE OUTLAW DEALS HIM A FIERCE BLOW!



THEY SAY A MAN'S GOT TO BELIEVE WHAT HE SEES! I SAW THE JOHNSTON BROTHERS DIE, YET I BREATHED INTO FRANK JOHNSTON'S FACE TONIGHT! AND THE OTHER TWO WERE UNMISTAKABLY JED AND SAM!



**B**ack in town, Monte again approaches the oldtimer!

JUST WHERE DID YOU HEAR THE RUMOR THAT THE JOHNSTON BROTHERS WERE RIDING THIS WAY?

HMM, RECKON A COUPLE OF THE BOYS PICKED IT UP TALKING TO THE SHOW FOLKS AT THE LAST STAND THEATRE IN BIG BOULDER!



**M**onte hurries to the Last Stand Theatre in the neighboring town of Big Boulder!

HERE'S A LIST OF THE TOWNS OUR WESTERN TROUPE PLAYED IN, MISTER! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU WANT IT, THOUGH!

I'VE GOT MY REASONS! THANKS-- AND DON'T MENTION THIS TO ANYONE!



**A**nd at the town's local newspaper office....

THE JOHNSTON BROTHERS HAVE APPEARED IN EVERY TOWN WHERE THE WESTERN PLAYERS PUT ON A SHOW! THAT'S NO COINCIDENCE! I'M GOING BACK TO THE THEATRE AND HAVE A TALK WITH THE MEMBERS OF THAT CAST!



Just before the final act at the Last Stand Theatre....

I'VE GOT PROOF THAT SOMEBODY IN THIS SHOW HAS BEEN PLAYING THE ROLES OF THE JOHNSTON BROTHERS! IF YOU KNOW WHO IT IS, YOU'D BETTER TALK! OR I'LL GET THE SHERIFF TO ARREST EVERY ONE OF YOU!



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

THIS IS THE SCENE WHERE NATHAN HALE GETS HUNG AS AN AMERICAN SPY! PUT A GAG ON HIM, COVER HIS FACE WITH A SACK AND TIE HIM UP WITH ROPE! HE'S GONNA TAKE THE PLACE OF THE DUMMY!



AND AS THE PLAY REACHES ITS CLIMAX, MONTE HALE COMES TO....

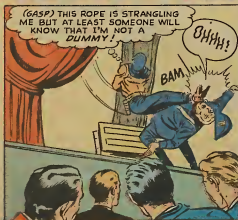
NATHAN HALE, YOU HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DIE BY HANGING! I NOW EXECUTE THE SENTENCE!



(GASP) THIS ROPE IS STRANGLING ME BUT AT LEAST SOMEONE WILL KNOW THAT I'M NOT A DUMMY!

OHHH!

BAM!



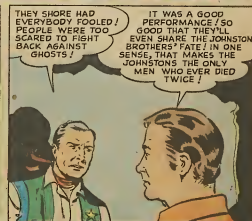
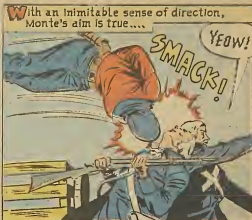
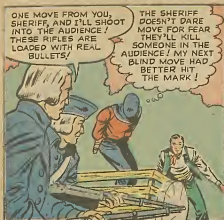
THAT'S NO DUMMY! THEY'RE TRYING TO HANG A REAL MAN!

I'LL SHOOT THE NOOSE TO FREE HIM, SHERIFF!

BANG!







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appear every  
month in

WESTERN HERO

Follow the daffy adventures  
of the DIZZY, DATIN', DUO  
OZZIE and BABS



EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard



# OUTLAW VALLEY

A RED ROAN Story

By Dick Kraus



**T**HE VALLEY was narrow and green, hidden deep in the El Santo mountain range. High, sheer-faced cliffs ringed it, screening its one tiny entrance. Cleverly camouflaged by nature, the valley was an ideal hide-out for a band of wild horses—or for a man wanted by the law.

At the moment, it was serving as a refuge for both!

Half-hidden by the foliage of a scrub oak, Red Roan stood restlessly.

Behind the great red stallion, his herd grazed peacefully, long tails whisking away flies in the drowsy sunlight. Scattered through the herd, fuzzy-coated colts nuzzled close to the protective sides of the mares.

It was—or should have been—a peaceful scene. But Red Roan was troubled. His keen dark eyes watched alertly, intent on a spot in the valley several hundred yards away. There he saw the thin trickle of a campfire's smoke, and the figure of a single man crouched over the fire. The man had ridden into the valley the day before, galloping at great speed. Once inside, he had picketed his horse and made camp. Constantly, he had kept his rifle close by his side. And, at every moment, his eyes ranged the walls of the valley, searching...

It was this that troubled Red Roan.

For months, his herd had lived undisturbed in the quiet green valley. Now this intruder had come. The intelligent stallion sensed that he was uneasy, that he was being pursued! Would other men follow the single stranger into the valley? Would the safety of the wild herd be endangered? Red Roan could only wait and see!

But he did not have to wait long. A long-legged colt, feeling the first stirrings of his growing adulthood, had strayed away from the herd. Adventurously, sensitive nostrils exploring the breeze, he had trotted down the valley in the direction of the campfire. Red Roan spotted him, and raced into the open to head him off.

At once Clint Sperry, sitting by the fire, rose to a half-crouched position. Gunstock slammed hard against his shoulder, and he squeezed the trigger.

Shots rang out sharply in the little valley. Then the outlaw leaned forward and relaxed—at ease again.

"Take it easy, Clint!" he muttered to himself. "Just a pair of wild hosses! An' you thought it was a posse comin' after yuh! Don't git jittery..."

He settled back by the fire. His sinewy hand explored the smooth barrel of the rifle, and his eyes ranged over the walls of the valley. Nothing in sight.

Out on the range, Red Roan bent over the prostrate form of the half-grown colt. Whinnying softly, his moist dark nose explored the young horse's body. Again he whinnied. But it was useless. The colt was dead, slain by the outlaw's bullet. It had ripped through the thin bone of the colt's head, killing him instantly. And across Red Roan's withers a second bullet had blazed, tearing a deep, angry furrow!

What the great horse feared had come to pass. This intruder had brought with him danger—and death! He had killed one of Red Roan's charges. He had to be punished and his menace had to be removed... in some way! Slowly, Red Roan began to trot. Then faster and faster he cantered. Then he broke into a gallop, heading for the narrow entrance of the valley. He was leaving the herd for a time, leaving it to do a job that had to be done!

**D**AYS LATER, on a mountainside of the Santo range, the roan broncho found what he was searching for.

There, far below him, was a party of riders. They were walking their horses slowly, spread out wide. Each man's eyes were intent on the forest and underbrush ahead, and a carbine lay ready against each saddle horn. On the chests of several of the men, silver stars gleamed.

Red Roan inclined his long head, dark eyes serious.

Then, slowly, he began to approach the riders. His right forefoot clanked against a piece of shale that rolled a few yards. The rattle echoed down the mountainside, and several of the riders reined in their mounts and looked up at him.

"Just a wild horse," one of them called to the others. "But what a beauty! If we weren't out after Clint Sperry, I'd go after that red boy!"

"Look how close he's coming!" another man murmured.

**S**LOWLY, Red Roan was approaching them, coming down the steep hillside seemingly without fear. Closer and closer he came, closer than he had ever before willingly come to any man.

Suddenly one of the men grunted with surprise.

"Look at that wound across his withers!" he cried. "If that isn't a rifle graze, I'll be hogtied!" Then he paused, as several of the other riders wheeled back toward him. "But how did he get a rifle wound like that . . . in these hills? We're the only riders up here."

"Except for Clint Sperry!" one of the other men broke in. "And that ornery killer's the only critter mean enough to shoot a wild horse like that. I'll bet he's the one did it."

The first rider clenched his fist.

"Bob, I'll bet you're right!" he exclaimed. "Do you think if we followed the stallion, he might bring us closer to Sperry?" He hesitated. "It's a long shot I know, but we haven't been seeing any signs of the outlaw anyway. Let's risk it!"

As the riders reined their mounts toward him, Red Roan slowly turned away.

But he did not gallop. Instead he trotted at an even pace, over the shale, through the underbrush, over the mountainside toward the green valley, where his herd . . . and the outlaw who had killed one of his colts . . . waited.

Behind him the posse followed. They did not know what they would find, but they were willing to take a chance.

**BACK IN THE** little valley, Clint Sperry gradually became more confident. He slept more soundly at night, and his hand was not constantly on the trigger of his rifle. He thought of the past months, and his thin lips twisted into a smile.

"That bank clerk in Brazos an' the sheriff in Brill City deserved what they got," he mused. "Let any others come after me, an' they'll get just what those wild hosses did a couple of days ago!"

Then he relaxed and smiled again.

"But they'll never find me here," he muttered. "I'm hollerin' up here till fall, and then I'll strike for California!"

So he dreamed through the hours.

It was late in the afternoon, a few days later, that the outlaw heard the soft shuffle of distant hoofs. This time he did not even rise from the fire. "Those wild hosses again," he muttered to himself. "I'm not wastin' bullets this time!"

His eyes half-closed. Minutes later, when he heard the creaking of saddles and men's voices, half-stifled by the breeze, he sprang to his feet. But it was too late! The posse, led unerringly to the valley by Red Roan, had spotted the campfire, and were riding toward it in a spread-out fan! Even now, they spied him. Shouting triumphantly, they surged toward him at full gallop.

Desperately, the outlaw clutched his rifle, aimed it at the first of the riders and fired!

But his aim was faulty and he missed. Before he could fire again, a hail of bullets stormed through the air, smashing him to the ground. He twisted hard as he hit the soil, and opened sightless eyes to the sky. The posse's job was done.

**A**R above the scene, Red Roan stood in a thicket.

Behind him, his herd grazed peacefully. On the valley floor below, the lawmen had wrapped the slain body of the outlaw in a canvas poncho, and were riding out slowly. As they passed through the narrow valley entrance, one of them raised his sombrero in a silent salute to the big red horse.

Red Roan inclined his head, then began to crop grass himself. His job was done, too.

**THE END**

*RED ROAN will lead you on the adventure trail in every issue of WESTERN HERO!*

# GABBY HAYES

## AND THE CLIFF BANDITS

THE PLANS OF THE OUTLAW, SIDEWINDER, WERE WORKING OUT SMOOTHLY UNTIL GABBY CLIMBED INTO THEM! A CAN OF GREASE, SOME PEBBLES, A WATER BASIN AND, UNKNOWN TO GABBY, A NEST OF RATTLES ARE HIS SIDEKICKS IN THIS ADVENTURE-JAMMED TALE!

RUN, YUH VARMINTS! THE RATTLES WILL GIT YUH!

HEE! HEE! FOOLED 'EM BY RATTLING PEBBLES! AIN'T NO RATTLES 'ROUND HYAR!

HALP!

RATTLE!  
RATTLE!  
RATTLE!

FRED LARSON is sweet on his boss, ELLIE HEMPSTEAD, owner of the BAR NOTHING RANCH, but he doesn't always give in to her!

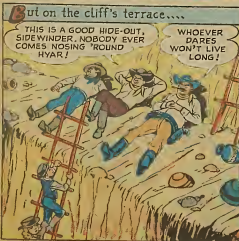
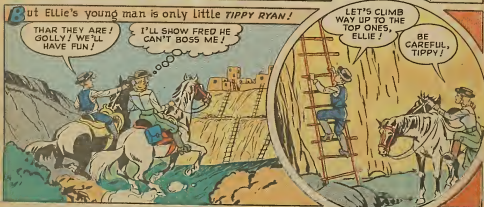
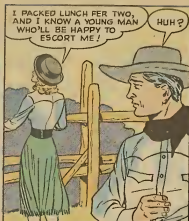
BUT, FRED, IT WOULD BE SUCH FUN TO HAVE A PICNIC AT THE OLD INDIAN CLIFF-DWELLINGS! WE COULD EXPLORE...

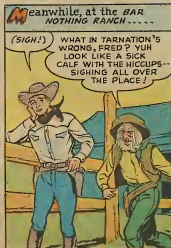
NOPE! TOO RISKY!

THOSE CLIFFS ARE SWARMING WITH RATTLES! YOU'RE NOT GOING THAR, ELLIE!

DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS, MISTER LARSON!











I BROKE MANY A GALS' HEART! AN' WHY? 'CAUSE I ALWAYS SWEEP 'EM OFF THEIR FEET WITH ACTION!

WE'RE GOING TO THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS! BARGE RIGHT IN AN' KNOCK THE OTHER FELLER FER A LOOP! KNEEL, CORKER!

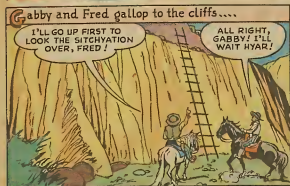
I DUNNO, GABBY. I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK WITH ELLIE -- BUT I GOTTA TRY SOMETHING!

**E**ast or West, North or South, *CORKER* is the only horse known to man that *KNEELS* for his master to mount!

**G**abby and Fred gallop to the cliffs....

I'LL GO UP FIRST TO LOOK THE SITCHYATION OVER, FRED!

ALL RIGHT, GABBY! I'LL WAIT HYAR!



DADBURN IT! OUTLAWS!

MORE SNOOPERS!



I'M PLUMB TIRED O' HAVING VISITORS!

HEY!



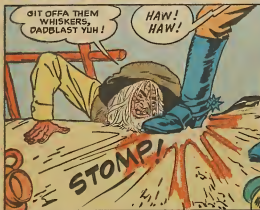
DINGBUST IT! YUH CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! PULL THIS LADDER BACK, YUH ORNERY COYOTE!



HALP!

THE BUZZARDS'LL THANK YUH FER DROPPING IN! SO LONG, CHUMP!





The unconscious Gabby falls off the ladder and topples on Fred below!



Sidewinder sends his outlaws down to pick up the two unconscious men!



**A** while later! WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT--GOTTA USE MUH BRAIN--DO SOME FIGGERING THAT'LL MAKE SLIM DAGGLE, THAT FIGGERING SHERIFF, LOOK SICK!

UMM--LESSEE NOW--GOTTA GIT RID OF 'EM SOMEHOW!

I KNOW! I'LL MAKE ME A RATTLE---BUT THIS WON'T BE CHILD'S PLAY!

**T**ippy Ryan also has an idea....

I'LL THROW SOME OF THIS GREASE 'ROUND! MAYBE SIDEWINDER HOGAN WILL SLIP ON IT AND KNOCK HIMSELF OUT!

SPLAP!

BOOT GREASE

GOSH, ELLIE, WUZ TIPPY THE ESCORT YUH MEANT?

OF COURSE!

RECKON I FLEW OFF THE WRONG HANDLE. FORGIVE ME, ELLIE?

CERTAINLY, FRED--BUT YUH WERE UNREASONABLE 'BOUT THOSE RATTLES. I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE!

SPLASH!

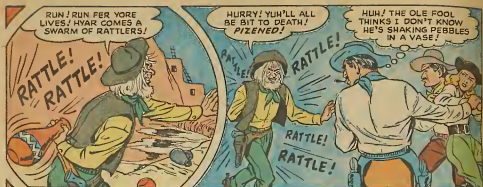
**T**hought comes hard to Sidewinder Hogan. Suddenly the outlaw leaps up!

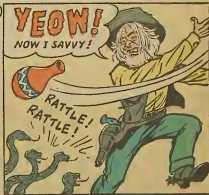
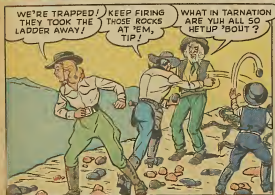
I'M TIRED O' THINKING! IF WE GOTTA GIT RID OF 'EM, WE GOTTA GIT RID OF 'EM! OVER THE CLIFF WITH 'EM ALL!

I KNOW MUH MANNERS! LADIES FIRST!

OH!

STEADY THAR, PARD! DON'T MOVE!

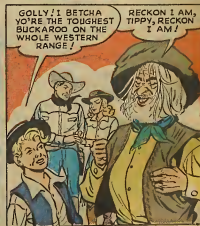
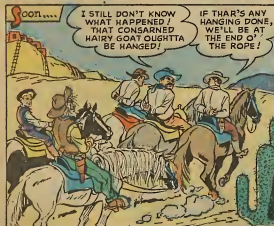




As Gabby dashes off, he  
skids on the greased  
spot and somersaults  
toward a water catch basin!



The snakes have left... but Gabby is leaving, too, as the water sweeps him over the edge in a waterfall!





# VITA MIN

YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD GIRL LATELY, VITA, SO I'M GOING TO LET YOU HAVE A PARTY FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY TOMORROW!

OH, GOODY!

DARE-DEVIL

NOW GO AND INVITE ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

ALL RIGHT, MOM. I'LL GO RIGHT NOW.

AND I WANT YOU TO INVITE LITTLE CHARLES FROM NEXT DOOR. THAT'LL SHOW THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER ANGRY WITH HIM ABOUT THE FIGHT YOU HAD.

AW, MOM, I DON'T WANT TO INVITE HIM. I'M SORE AT HIM.

EITHER YOU INVITE CHARLES OR THERE'S NO PARTY?

OKAY, I'LL INVITE HIM.

NEXT DAY AT VITA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY....

VITA! I SEE CHARLES ISN'T HERE. ARE YOU SURE YOU INVITED HIM?

OF COURSE I DID. I NOT ONLY INVITED HIM TO COME....

--BUT I DARED HIM TO!



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# YOUNG FALCON

and  
LITTLE STAR'S  
SECRET



ONE DAY IN THE WOODS, YOUNG FALCON, SOLE REMAINING MEMBER OF THE MASSACRED TRUEFEATHER TRIBE, CAME UPON A SLENDER, FRIGHTENED INDIAN GIRL WHO CALLED HERSELF LITTLE STAR! HE SHARED HIS FOOD WITH HER AND STOOD WATCH WHILE SHE SLEPT A MUCH NEEDED REST. YET SHE WOULD TELL NOTHING OF HERSELF! AND SO, STILL WONDERING ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE STAR, YOUNG FALCON FINDS FOOD FOR THEM BOTH ....

WAIT--I SEE SMOKE! NO DOUBT IT'S CAMPFIRE SMOKE! THERE IS A TRIBAL CAMP NEAR HERE, LITTLE STAR!



LET US VISIT THEM AND--LITTLE STAR! STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



I MUST FLEE!

I MUST GET AWAY! FAR AWAY FROM HERE!

THAT GIRL--I MUST CATCH HER! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT STRANGE MYSTERY SURROUNDS HER! SHE SCARES SO EASILY!



**SWIFT AS THE BIRD WHOSE NAME HE BEARS, YOUNG FALCON QUICKLY OVERTAKES LITTLE STAR AND HALTS HER FLIGHT!**

HOW CAN I HELP YOU, LITTLE STAR, IF YOU DO NOT TELL ME WHAT FEAR IS HAUNTING YOU? WHY DID YOU RUN WHEN I MENTIONED VISITING THAT CAMP?



ALL RIGHT, YOUNG FALCON--(SOB)--I WILL TELL YOU. THAT CAMP IS THE CAMP OF MY TRIBE. BUT I HAVE BEEN BANISHED FOREVER FOR STEALING FROM THE TRIBE. I WILL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!

"THE NEXT DAY, TWO LARGE FUR-PELT BUNDLES WERE STOLEN FROM THE STOREHOUSE TEPEE WHERE THEY WERE STORED BY THE HUNTERS OF OUR TRIBE!

THERE, CHIEF--TWO OF THE PELT BUNDLES HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

ONE AMONG US IS A THIEF WHO PLACES PERSONAL GAIN OVER THE GOOD OF THE TRIBE! HE SHALL BE FOUND AND BANISHED FOREVER!



"BUT NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE ME, SO I WAS BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE!"

GO FOREVER, DISGRACEFUL CHILD! YOU ARE NO LONGER PART OF THIS TRIBE!



COME, LITTLE STAR! I CAN PROVE TO YOUR CHIEF THAT YOU WERE INNOCENT. WE WILL DO IT NOW!



NO! YOUNG FALCON! NO! YOU CANNOT PROVE ME INNOCENT! PLEASE--I AM FRIGHTENED!

"ONE DAY IN THE WOODS, I FOUND A SUITCASE OF WHITE GIRL'S FANCY CLOTHES DROPPED PERHAPS FROM A STAGECOACH! I TOOK IT BACK TO MY TENT..."

WHAT PRETTY CLOTH--AND SUCH LOVELY COLORS! I WILL BE THE ENVY OF EVERY GIRL IN THE TRIBE!



"SO, WHEN THE SUITCASE OF PRETTY THINGS WAS FOUND IN MY TEPEE, ALL BELIEVED THAT IT WAS I WHO STOLE THE TWO BUNDLES OF PELTS AND TRADED THEM FOR THE FANCY CLOTHES!

YOUR TEPEE IS CLOSE TO THE STOREHOUSE TEPEE, LITTLE STAR! WHILE THE TRIBE SLEPT YOU STOLE THE BUNDLES OF PELTS--IS THAT RIGHT?

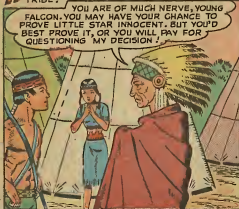
NO, NO, I'M INNOCENT! BELIEVE ME, O, CHIEF! I FOUND THIS SUITCASE!



I KNOW WHAT THOSE PELT BUNDLES ARE LIKE, LITTLE STAR. TRUST ME--I WILL RESTORE YOU TO YOUR PEOPLE!



**A**ND SOON, BEFORE THE CHIEF OF LITTLE STAR'S TRIBE!



YOU ARE OF MUCH NERVE, YOUNG FALCON. YOU MAY HAVE YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE LITTLE STAR INNOCENT. BUT YOU'D BEST PROVE IT, OR YOU WILL PAY FOR QUESTIONING MY DECISION!



LITTLE STAR, THOSE ARE PELT BUNDLES LIKE THE ONES YOU ARE ACCUSED OF STEALING! PLEASE BRING TWO OF THEM TO ME!

YES, YOUNG FALCON.

**B**UT WHEN LITTLE STAR TRIES TO LIFT THE TWO HEAVY PELT BUNDLES...



I--I-- CAN'T LIFT THEM!

OF COURSE NOT! THEY'RE MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR A MERE SLENDER STRIP OF A GIRL! SEE, O, CHIEF?

IN THE WOODS I SAW LITTLE STAR UNABLE TO LIFT A SMALL WILD FOWL, AND WHEN I HEARD HER STORY, I KNEW SHE COULD NOT HAVE STOLEN THE PELT BUNDLES!

I MADE A HASTY DECISION, I SEE! BUT THANKS TO YOU, I NOW REALIZE MY THOUGHTLESS ERROR! YOU HAVE MY GRATITUDE AND RESPECT, YOUNG FALCON!



LITTLE STAR IS AGAIN ONE OF US!

OH, YOUNG FALCON--I WILL ALWAYS BE INDEBTED TO YOU FOR THIS! I AM HAPPY AGAIN!

IT IS PLAIN THAT THE THIEF OF THE FURS IS NO STRIP OF A GIRL, BUT SOMEONE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY THE TWO HEAVY BUNDLES SILENTLY OFF!

YOUNG FALCON, I ASK YOU TO BE MY GUEST HERE AMONG US AND UNCOVER THE REAL THIEF FOR ME!



IT COULD BE ANYONE IN THE TRIBE! THE TASK WILL BE LARGE!

I WILL STAY AND FIND THE GUILTY ONE! I WOULD LIKE TO UNCOVER THE GUILTY PERSON WHO COLE-HEARTEDLY STOOD BY AND LET AN INNOCENT GIRL BE ACCUSED OF HIS CRIME!



**W**ILL YOUNG FALCON BE ABLE TO UNCOVER THE REAL THIEF IN THE TRIBE? OR WILL THE GUILTY ONE DO AWAY WITH YOUNG FALCON FIRST? ONLY TIME WILL TELL! FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG FALCON IN EVERY ISSUE OF WESTERN HERO.

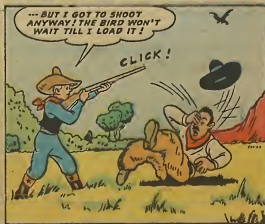
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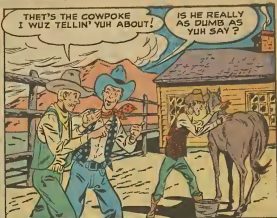
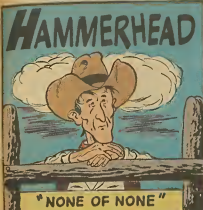
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# TOM MIX

in  
**BLACKMAIL!**

BLACKMAIL IS A LOATHSOME WORD--ALMOST AS LOATHSOME AS THE PERSONS WHO USE IT AS A WEAPON OVER THEIR VICTIMS' HEADS! WHEN BLACKMAIL IS USED BY A NOTORIOUS GANG TO HELP THEM LOOT DOBIE, TOM MIX FACES ONE OF HIS TOUGHEST FIGHTS!



**INSIDE THE DOBIE SALOON.....**

I TOLD YUH AFORE, SHIFTY, YO'RE NOT GITTING ANY MORE DRINKS UNLESS YUH KIN PAY FER THEM! NOW BEAT IT!



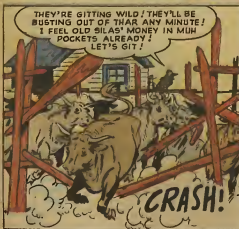
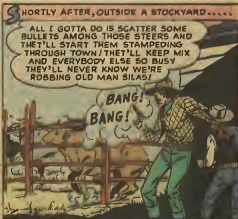
HEY, KID, COME HYAR! I'LL TREAT YUH TO A DRINK!

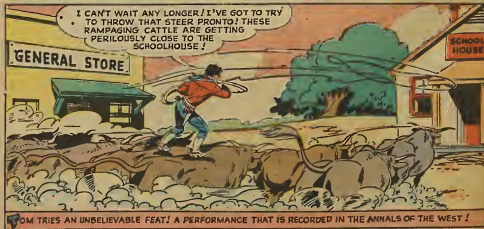
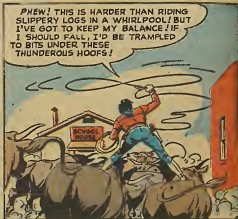
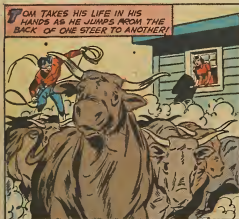
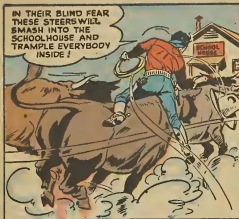
GOSH, THANKS, STRANGER! THET'S MIGHTY NICE OF YUH!



MY HANDLE'S CLEARY, PARDNER. LISTEN, THAR'S NO NEED FER A SMART YOUNG FELLER LIKE YUH TO BEG FER HANDOUTS! I GOT A PROPOSITION THET'LL MAKE PLENTY OF DOUGH FER THE BOTH OF US!







**L**ASSING THE LEAD STEER AND WEDGING HIS HEELS BEHIND THE HORNS OF ANOTHER...



...TOM EXERTS EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE CAN COMMAND TO STOP THE ANIMAL!



**W**HILE TOM HAS BEEN DEFEYING DEATH...AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN...

HAND OVER THET, MONEY AND KEEP YORE TRAP SHUT OR WE'LL SHUT IT FER GOOD!

HELP!  
HELP!



HELP!

QUICK, SHIFTY! PLUG HIM AFORE SOMEBODY HEARS HIM!

SHOOT HIM? NO, NO, I WON'T DO THET!



ALL RIGHT! I'LL SHOOT HIM MUHSELF!

(GULP!)

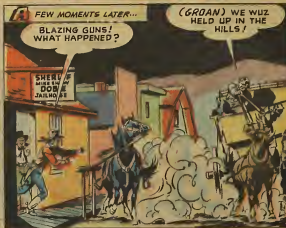
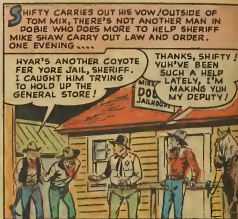
UGH!



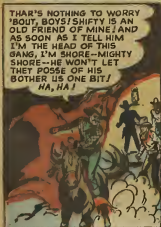
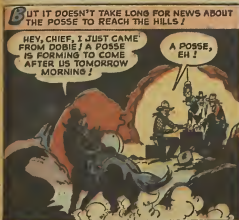
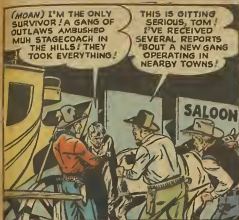
YU'A KILLED HIM! I'M GOING TO THE SHERIFF!

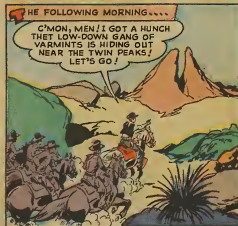
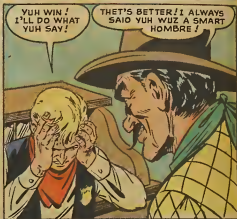
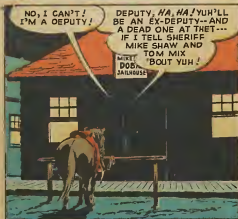
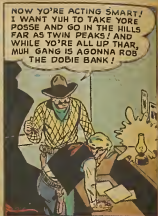
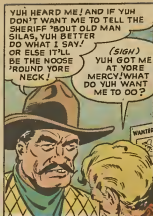
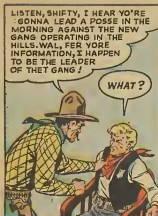
NO YUH WON'T, YUH SNIVELING COVOTE! IF YUH GO TO THE SHERIFF, YUH'LL HANG WITH ME! DON'T FORGIT, YO'RE GUILTY, SAME AS ME!

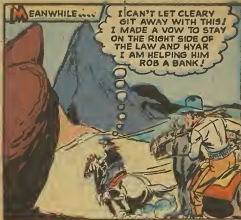


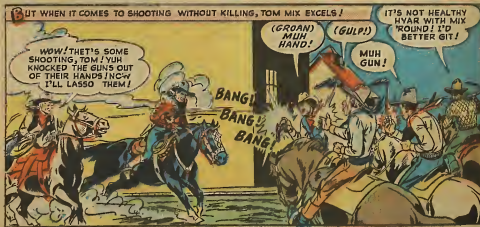
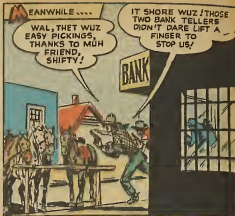


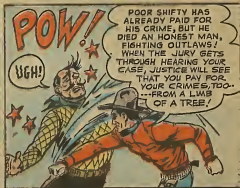
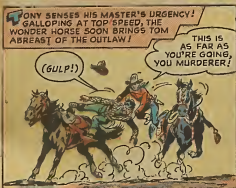
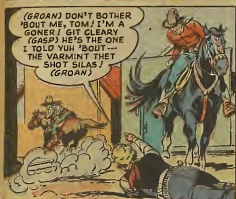












**TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!**

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY AT 5:45 P. M.

*Sensational Offer to Flower Lovers!*

# 100 FAMOUS MICHIGAN RAINBOW MIX GLADIOLUS

100  
BULBS  
\$1.69

## ASTOUNDING Get Acquainted OFFER

**D**OZENS of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... flaming red, yellow, purple and blue Gladiolus for the remarkable low cost of less than 2¢ per bulb. Our prize selection of 2-year-old bulbs now ready for many years of flowering... 11½" to 21½" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money-back. By simply mailing the coupon below you can make your garden the envy of your neighbors with a gorgeous riot of beautiful color. Send coupons TODAY.

### EXTRA—3 TUBEROSES

A real bargain in Gladiolus, yes! But that isn't all! For prompt ordering we will give you 3 Tuberoses without additional charge. These flower into beautiful waxy-white blooms on spikes 2 to 3 feet tall, and are extremely fragrant. Just mail your order and get these gift bulbs.

### SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Your Gladiolus Bulbs and Extra Tuberoses will be sent you by return mail. Send no money... deposit only \$1.69 plus postage with postman on arrival with the distinct understanding that if you're not 100% thrilled with your bargain you need only to return your purchase for full refund! But don't wait... if you don't send in your order TODAY, you may be too late! Mail coupon now!

### OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS!

- 12 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG EVERGREENS... \$1.00  
Order the sturdy Evergreens that grow everywhere in the United States. Each tree 2 years or older. Certified by the Dept. of Agriculture.
- THRILLING CUSHION MUMS—10 PLANTS... \$1.00  
Vigorous. Young. Healthy... grow anywhere. Will produce hundreds of flowers. Ten assorted colors—Stunning! Existing! Order promptly and receive your EXTRA bonus.

### EXTRA.....with above orders: 3 RARE RANUNCULUS BULBS!

#### SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Michigan Bulb Co., Dept. 60-75 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Send orders checked below. I will pay postman amount of order on arrival, plus postage guarantee that I must be fully satisfied or my return for refund (cash) with order. Michigan Bulb pays postage.

- |   |        |
|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 100 Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses EXTRA.....        | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 100 Green Choice Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses..... | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 100 Exhibition Gladiolus Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses.....   | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 Canna Bulbs with 3 Tuberoses EXTRA.....             | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 20 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA.....       | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 Dahlia Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA.....      | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 25 Peonies with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA.....          | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 Evergreen with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA.....        | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 30 Camellia with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs EXTRA.....         | \$1.69 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send C.O.D. plus postage                               |        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Payment herewith Michigan Bulb to pay postage          |        |

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone.....  
State.....

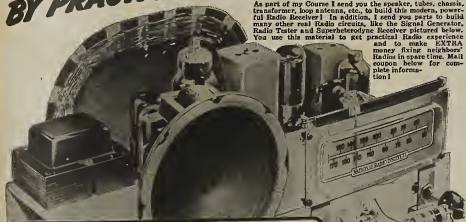
**SEND NOW TO MICHIGAN BULB CO.**  
DEPT. 60-75 GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICHIGAN

This is a picture of typical American gladiolus by a western artist. However, it is not necessarily intended to portray the gladiolus developed from the bulbs advertised here. It is merely to show the beauty of gladiolus and to bring to your attention.



# LEARN RADIO BY PRACTICING IN SPARE TIME

As part of my Course I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, etc., to build this modern, powerful Radio Receiver! In addition, I send you parts to build many other real Radio circuits, like the Signal Generator, Radio Tester and Superheterodyne Receiver pictured below. You use this material to get practical Radio experience and to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. Mail coupon below for complete information!



## I SEND YOU BIG KITS OF PARTS You Build and Experiment With this MODERN RADIO AND MANY OTHER CIRCUITS



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute

### I TRAINED THESE MEN



Make \$40 a Week Plus Bonus  
I am Radio Serviceman for The Adams Appliance Co. and now getting \$60 a week plus bonus and overtime. — W. A. ASH, GMA, Fayetteville, Ark.



Now Nothing About Radio  
I knew nothing about Radio when I enrolled. I am doing spare time work. I have more than paid for my Course and about \$30 worth of equipment. — RAYMOND HOLT CAMP, Vandalia, Illinois.

Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? Here's your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be Radio Technicians. . . MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. My tested and proved train-at-home method makes learning easy. You learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You get practical experience building, testing, experimenting with MANY KITS OF PARTS I send. All equipment yours to keep.

### Make EXTRA MONEY in Spare Time

The day you enroll, I start sending SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. From here it's a short step to your own money-making Radio shop, or a good-pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or get into Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing or Public Address work. And think of the present and future opportunities in the booming Television industry.

See What N. R. I. Can Do For You  
Act now! Send for my DOUBLE FREE OFFER. Coupon enables you to actual lesson, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH REPAIR SERVICE," absolutely free. Over 80 pictures and diagrams! You also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO AND TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS." Tells how quickly, easily you can get started. Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH,  
President, Dept. 9DN5  
National Radio Institute,  
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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9DN5  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, Sample Lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

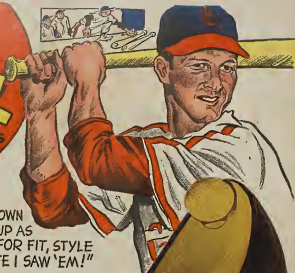
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check if Veteran

APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER G. I. BILL

MY COURSE  
INCLUDES **TELEVISION**



**I** GO FOR **WINTHROPS**  
LIKE A FAST BALL RIGHT DOWN  
THE MIDDLE! I SIZED 'EM UP AS  
LEADERS IN ANY LEAGUE FOR FIT, STYLE  
AND LONG WEAR THE MINUTE I SAW 'EM!"

**DICK**, SON OF SLUGGING STAN  
*Says:*



**I** CAN PICK THE  
GOOD ONES JUST  
LIKE DAD...THEY'RE  
**WINTHROP JR.**  
EVERY KID GOES  
FOR THEIR  
RUGGED, HE-MAN  
LOOKS AND  
GROWN-UP  
STYLES!"



Winthrop's Smart Dress-  
Up Wing-Tip in rich Oak  
Brown, identically styled  
for men and boys.



WINTHROP JR. for boys  
\$6<sup>95</sup> to \$8<sup>95</sup>  
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